

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

Our Sovereigne processe, which imports at full  
By letters congruing to that effect  
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,  
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,  
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

*Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the Stage.*

*Fortin.* Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,  
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*  
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,  
If that his Majestie would ought with us  
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will doe't my Lord.

*Fortin.* Goe softly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.*

*Ham.* Good fir whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of *Norway* fir.

*Ham.* How propos'd fir I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of *Poland*.

*Ham.* Who commands them fir?

*Cap.* The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

*Ham.* Goes it against the maine of *Poland* fir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truely to speake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name,

To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,

Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

*Cap.* Nay 'tis already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand soules and 20000 duckets

Will not debate the question of this straw;

This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes and shewes no cause without

Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you fir.

*Cap.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Cap.* God buy your fir.

*Ros.* Will't please you goe my Lord?

*Ham.* Ile be with you fraight, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,  
And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,  
If his chiefe good and marker of his time  
Be but to sleepe and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and God-like reason  
To fast in us unus'd: now whether it be  
Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,  
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward: I doe not know  
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes  
To doe't: examples grosse as earth exhort me,  
Witnesse this army of such masse and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
Whose spirit with divine ambition pufft  
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,  
Exposing what is mortall and unsure  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egge-shell. Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to finde quarrell in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasie and trick of fame  
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tombe enough and continent  
To hide the flaine? O from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

*K*

*Enter*